

The Owosso Times.

OWOSSO, FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1881.

LOCAL NEWS

Work has been commenced on the new bank building.

Mrs. E. H. Ament leaves Owosso next Monday for Butte, Montana.

Mr. Hosmer, of Lockport, N. Y. was the recent guest of Mr. Albert Todd.

Mr. Arthur McHardy and family left town on Tuesday to visit Mrs. McHardy's parents in Cleveland, Ohio.

John Shotwell, of Owosso township, has sold his farm to Edward G. Orser and is tending moving to Owosso to spend his declining days.

We call the attention of our readers to the new time table of the Detroit & Milwaukee road, which went into effect on the 16th.

Mr. T. O. Christian left town last night for Cleveland, where he will purchase a new stock of goods for his jewelry store in this city.

Mr. John D. Evans offers \$50 reward for the apprehension of the thief that stole a horse and carriage from his barn in this city on the 8 inst.

We will publish next week a letter from Miss Rita Doane. This letter is written from Paris and we trust it will be interesting to our readers.

Lost.

A bank book containing an account with the First National Bank. In this city. A suitable reward will be paid by returning the same to J. D. Evans.

Prof. J. McGrath, of Corunna, has been appointed as one of the examining committee to examine applicants for admission to West Point from the 6th Congressional District.

When land sells for about \$125 per foot it behooves the buyer to see that he gets title to the odd inches. We have a land league in Owosso that has got up a fight which bids fair to rival in point of interest even Ireland's troubles over the right to the soil.

The new Hymnal of the Methodist denomination was introduced into the Methodist Church in this city last Sabbath. It is pronounced by universal verdict to be a superior collection of hymns and tunes for Church service. The choir, led by Prof. O. C. Seelye, invited the congregation to join with them in singing.

New store in Owosso. Mr. John W. Babcock opens his 'people's store' to-day to the public. It is filled with dry goods and groceries. The stock is new and will be sold as low as can be had for cash. All kinds of produce bought and sold. Remember the place: B. F. Taylor's old business stand, south of the National house on Washington street.

Capt. Patterson will soon have one of the most convenient hotels in central Michigan. He has just completed a large addition to the National House, and now he is re-arranging the interior of the older portion of the building. When all the improvements are finished the house will have a new dining-room over eighty feet long, as well as a larger office. The improvements are made to meet the increase of patronage of the well known "National."

We have before us a copy of the *Levant Herald*. This widely circulated paper is published daily at Constantinople and is one of the greatest newspapers of the far East. It is printed on a single broad sheet of which the two external pages are devoted to advertisements and the inner pages, one English and one French to the news of the world. We also have before us two papers printed in Greek, one of which is published at Athens and the other at Smyrna. The latter contains a paragraph about the late President Garfield. The above papers were received from Lawrence P. Gould who is now traveling through the countries in which they were printed.

St. Johns, Oct. 17, 1881.

A competitive examination of applicants for admission to West Point from the 6th Congressional District, will be held at the capitol in Lansing, on the 10th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M. Candidates must be not less than 17 nor more than 21 years old on the 10th of June next, the date when the appointee must report at West Point. The following named gentlemen have been invited to act as an Examining Committee and their report will control the appointment: A. J. Baldwin, Esq., Clinton; A. A. Thomson, M. D., Geneseo; Prof. S. S. Coryell, Ithaca; Hon. E. B. Winans, Livingston; Q. A. Thomas, Esq., Oakland; Prof. J. M. McGrath, Shiawassee. Candidates will be subjected to a physical and Academic examination. The latter will embrace Reading, Writing, Orthography, Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition, Geography and History of the United States. Further information may be had on application to me.

O. L. SPAULDING.

The rapid growth of business in Owosso within the past year especially the manufacturing interest has made many of our business men seriously feel the want of more room in which to store freight at the depots. A new depot and freight house is greatly needed at the J. L. & S. station. The present depot is too small and inconvenient to accommodate even the general local freight business. And when two or more factories wish to ship the same day, the room is so crowded with goods that not only their business is hindered and injured but that of the railroad itself is greatly delayed. Several petitions have been sent to the railroad company asking better freight and passenger accommodations. The company has not yet taken any steps towards building a new depot. But we think that if an examination was made into the business, and capacity of the several factory and business establishments in the city for furnishing freight, (as the Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee R. R. Co. has done) the Company would find that in order to hold its present business at Owosso a new depot must be built in the near future.

NOTES FROM A TRAVELER IN THE FAR EAST.

Visit to Smyrna. Description of the People. Their Manners and Customs.

BY L. P. GOULD.

Special Correspondence to THE TIMES.

SMYRNA, Sept. 27th, 1881.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2-10, (revised edition.)

It seems most appropriate in writing about this old city, to commence with the words addressed by St. John, eighteen centuries ago, to a little band of Christians which existed here. It is hardly an encouraging fact that the Christians in Smyrna number as few now as then, looking anxiously to the advancement of the gospel in the fact that now it is tolerated and respected in this benighted land and needs simply more effort for education and enlightenment of the people to make it the predominant religion in time to come. And the people are beginning to demand even here a religion of truth and substance, rather than that of rites, ceremonies and strict adherence to set rules, devoid almost wholly of morality. But as we don't wish to commence a discussion of theology or religion, we'll just wade out of the "deep water" and retrace our steps to the safer position of simply telling, as best we can, what we see around and about us at present.

SMYRNA.

The city of Smyrna has always belonged to the province of Ionia, but having been almost destroyed several times its position has been shifted materially each time. It belongs now to the Ottoman Empire and is under the rule of the Sultan; its inhabitants are of all nations nearly, and almost every tongue is spoken here. The city itself is noted especially in the social world, for the wonderful and endless variety of every hue, shade and style of costume which may be seen here—and rivals even Constantinople in this respect—of every style and for every rank in life, from the sober, plain, black dress of the Greek priest, to the gayest, gaudiest and costliest outfit of the Persian dervish. These dervishes wear on the head a small turban of silk or satin, ungraceful, baggy-looking trousers, (if you could call them by such a dignified name), made of some light, gay, colored fabric; a loose short blouse of a different shade, and over all a long loosely flowing robe of some attractive material and color; it being by far the most pleasing part of their dress. In the street they wear a high, dark, grayish-colored hat, reminding one of a good sized earthen flower pot turned upside down.

The population of the city is at present about 200,000, of these the Greeks number 12,000, the residue being a mixture of Turks, Jews, Egyptians, Albanians, Italians, French, German, in fact all European nations are here represented, and there are a good many Americans, most of them however, are simply traders or seamen and visitors, who come for curiosity only. The Greeks wear the cylindrical shaped red "fez," having the usual long, black silk tassel, fastened in the center of the crown so that it dangles unpleasantly around the head, striking first against one ear then against the other or flying into one's face and eyes, which thing from experience we have found to be very unpleasant. But with all this inconvenience these fellows wear them day and night—eating and sleeping—constantly until they wear them out; consequently the head is bald. It reminds one of the wearing of tight-fitting boots and high-heeled shoes in which instruments of physical torture our American boys and girls are so apt to incase their feet, perhaps because it looks nicer to see, and have a small looking foot, even if it has to be pinched out of its natural shape to arrive at perfection. Just so these "fezes" with long silk tassels are showy and pretty, so what care these vain fellows for all the bother of having it striking them in the face constantly, or threatening to twist about their necks and choke them to death. "Verily all is vanity!" and the preacher was right. The Greeks dress in many different ways, patterning after the Turk, the Persian, Jew or European, as to their individual fancies, but they seldom wear anything on the head but the red or black fez. As to the Greek women, one of our American writers has already said they "are all very beautiful—they average a shade better than the

AMERICAN GIRLS.

which words I pray may be forgiven me. Certainly there is need of his asking pardon, but we must leave it for the girls themselves to settle the question of his forgiveness, for they are the victims of the seeming injustice, they will be lenient with him when they know it was Mark Twain who said it, for all sensible people take Mark's sayings with a "grain of allowance as to their truthfulness." It was moreover a very unpatriotic thing for Mark to say, saying nothing about its being exaggerated. We do not really mean that our dear countryman is untruthful as a rule, but he sometimes "sees things differently than most folks," and in this instance we think he showed himself prone to exaggerate. But this can be truthfully and conscientiously said about the Greek women, that they are fine and substantial looking, if not astoundingly handsome, or frivolously pretty like the Italian women. The

PRINCIPAL STREET

of the city runs along the shore of the bay, about one mile in length. On one side only are buildings, the other opens entirely to the sea view. It was formerly very narrow and miserably kept, but some ten years ago a French company rebuilt it and now it is very wide, being built solidly of large square blocks of some extremely hard and durable stone. It is the

"ROTTEN ROW"

(a fashionable driving and promenading street in London) of Smyrna, and every day in the late part of the afternoon can be seen walking side by side or passing each other to and fro, Jew and Gentile, Mohammedan and Christian, Turk, Greek, Egyptian, European and Persian, representatives of almost every nation and tongue, all jostling each other as they pass, and producing a veritable Babel of tongues.

SUNDAY

is their gala day, the shops are all closed, and all among the natives give themselves up to pleasure, too often of a purely sensual kind; the cafes are rife with people, drinking all manner of beverages and smoking the famous margileh (Turkish

pipe), the theatres and dance houses are at "white heat" on Sunday, and it is only up to pleasure and dissipation and it will be long before this people will know and appreciate the value of this day of God. But it is a mistake to say it is given up to "pleasure and dissipation," for as we pass along the crowded street a strange, and yet a familiar sound comes to our ears, as we get nearer we recognize the good old hymn, commencing "My soul be on thy guard!" we recognize the tune, but the words are strange, spoken in a pleasant but foreign tongue, around the door is a throng of eager looking dusky faces uncertain as to whether they had better go in and sit down, or as we push eagerly through the crowd and find ourselves inside the room of the

"SMYRNA REST."

a sort of coffee or reading room, kept open and carried on by a band of noble English women, trying in this and other ways to carry on the good work of saving souls from darkness and sin, to the gospel light and life. Noble women who have left home and native land and all that was dear to them and journeyed to this far off—worse than—heaven land, to tell these careless ones the "Old, old story," certainly unbelievers and scoffers can see virtue in that, if they can see none in the religion which is taught. They receive no remuneration for their labors, but perhaps the joy of knowing that the heart of some precious soul is being won for God, and the joy of his disciples go? and how long? tell me! would they stay in a country like this to tell their story if they did not expect a pretty good salary or a good paying audience every night? They "ply the trade" of the deuced Christians, but how will their boasted philanthropy compare with any of these noble men and women who founded in the midst of great discouragement this "Smyrna Rest?" One Greek priest has been converted to Protestantism here.

On every other day in the week the streets of Smyrna are lively with business and train after train of twenty or thirty camels with or without a burden, pass through the streets; these huge awkward moving beasts, swaying from side to side, as they go along like a ship in a storm, being led by a poor little

DIMINUTIVE DONKEY.

one could pick up and put one under each arm—bearing burden twice as large as themselves, and threatened every moment with the great embarrassment of being rolled over on their little backs, by their unfairly large burdens. One may as well look for such a thing but it seldom happens, and the little fellows hurry along on their way, to the unmusical clatter of their well-shaped neat little hoofs, on the pavement. These noble little beasts have been greatly abused, in more ways than one, and misrepresents them. We have yet seen no exhibition of meanness or stubbornness, which has been imputed to them by so many, but we have seen symptoms of wonderful sagacity displayed by them. This morning it commenced raining scarcely any warning to rain, (which by the way in the first 4 months) and blow quite hard. One of these camel trains with its donkey guard and advance-agent, was coming down the street, and when it began to rain the men who connected this train sought temporary shelter while it moved on, but it rained harder, the wind blew more severely, driving the cold rain into the pilot donkey's face, much to his discomfort; he turned his head from side to side "first one cheek and then the other," in a truly valorous manner, but it availed him nought of shelter from the pelting rain, al! a happy thought,—he acts—coming to a narrow passage at right angles with the street he is trying, he turns into it and was out of the storm. The stupid looking camels follow, but don't get far, for the two drivers have discovered the state of affairs and hurry forward to rectify matters, but are repulsed; for the donkeys heels are toward them, that is enough, they probably wait until that donkey is ready to continue his journey and that will be, undoubtedly when the storm subsides, for did he not come there for shelter? Some would call that stubbornness, perhaps meanness, but we can hardly agree with such; was it not rather a radical, positive demonstration of the first law of nature—self preservation which is instructive—was it not illustrative of sensible, praiseworthy independence, rather than of senseless,—bulldozing—English stubbornness? that "fills the bill," Not Not yet who stands the donkey have "looked through a glass darkly" for no animal that lives, could stand or would stand the tyrannical and abusive driving of the donkey drivers of Turkey and Palestine, like these patient little fellows.

This morning we took a walk with our guide, who by the way is a very accomplished fellow, speaks English, Russian, and I don't know what not. He says he can speak ten different tongues, and he can't read a word in any language, he is a native Hebrew. We walked through the narrow and arched streets, where are the bazaars and

MARKETS OF THE TOWN.

We saw where they were busy packing the figs, which you eat in the States. The streets are all very dirty and we had to step here and there very carefully to avoid the filth. But to our eyes, totally unaccustomed to such sights as are to be seen here, everything was so interesting that we hardly noticed the dirt at the time. In fact it hardly seems a reality that we were walking about the streets of this

OLD, OLD TOWN.

We seem so utterly out of place, We would hardly be offended if one of these outlandish dressed fellows should walk up and tell us "we were intruding and had better get out of the town as soon as possible," but they have kindly permitted us to remain our allotted time here where so many generations of men have lived and died, a city which has had its name in history 3000 years or more and yet exists. It was here that Polycarp the disciple of St. John suffered martyrdom and they point out to you where he was buried.

EPHESUS

is about forty miles from here, an English company have built a railroad from here running through the site of the ancient city. There is nothing there at present besides the interesting ruins of the old city, excepting perhaps a small settlement of Turks and Greeks. We have been there, seen the remains of the old temple dedicated to Diana, the patron goddess of the city, a heap of broken marble columns and effaced and scattered capitals and bases,—ruin reigns supreme. The voices of the shepherds, the howl of the dogs who tend the herd of sheep and goats, or the bark of the jackal is all that interrupts the utter silence of its desolation. The primitive christian and his persecutors have all passed away, each to his place and fate in the mysterious hereafter, while the Ephesus of old, with its palaces and temples exists but as a name in history, so let it be.

To morrow we leave for Mersina where we expect to meet our old friend Mr. Lee, who in the recent past has so endeared himself to the hearts of the people of Owosso.

Mr. Walter F. Adams, of Westboro, Mass., writes: "For years I suffered the horrors of dyspepsia and indigestion. They seemed to weaken every organ of life, and completely shattered my nervous system. At night when I lay down I felt I could not live until morning. Heartburn pained me most terribly. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters; it suited my case precisely, and now my stomach digests any kind of food, and my sallow complexion and other symptoms of ill health are all gone, and at night I enjoy most refreshing, dreamless slumber."

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Early Autumn.

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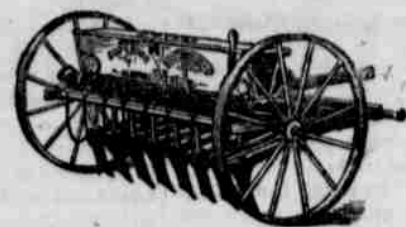
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Among the farmers of Shiawassee county the name "SUPERIOR" is fast becoming a household word. In casting a glance backward over it, we have only one thing to regret, namely: that we were wholly unable last season to fill all the orders with which our friends so generously favored us. This is not by any means our first offense, yet we can, by way of extenuation, assure all interested that we did our utmost to supply the demand for our machines and failed only after every resource and facility for production was exhausted. More we could not do. But we are getting an earlier and better start for the approaching season and think we will be in much better shape to respond to our promises, so far as supplying the demands is concerned, than heretofore. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

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New Teas! New Teas!

OH MY! OH MY!

How Delicious and Fragrant, as they are dispensed from

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Unbroken and FREE from DUST, DIRT and AIR; Going at 25,

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS are a certain cure for all diseases requiring a complete tonic, especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm (on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 a bottle.

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And all MALARIAL DISEASES.

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